S——S and J——L.

CANCELLED
1502/14.

NEW BALLAD.

Obſtupuit ſteteruntq; comæ. VIRG.

The THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for W. WEBB, near *St. Paul's.* 1743.
(Price Six-Pence.)

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A

NEW BALLAD.

I.

'TWAS at the ſilent ſolemn Hour,
When Night and Morning meet,
In glided *J*——*l*'s grimly Ghoſt,
And ſtood at *S*——*s*'s Feet.

II.

His Face was like a Winter's Day
Clad in *November*'s Frown;
And clay-cold was his ſhrivel'd Hand,
That held his tuck'd-up Gown.

III.

S——*s* quak'd with Fear, th' effect of Guilt,
Whom thus the Shade beſpoke;
And with a mournful, hollow Voice,
The dreadful Silence broke.

IV.

IV.

The Night-Owl ſhrieks, the Raven croaks,
The Mid-night Bell now tolls;
Behold thy late departed Friend
The M———r of the R—lls.

V.

And tho' by Death's prevailing Hand
My Form may alter'd be;
Death cannot make ſo great a change
As Times have wrought in thee.

VI.

Think of the Part you're acting, *S---ds*,
And think where it will end,
Think you have made a thouſand Foes,
And have not gain'd one Friend.

VII.

Oft haſt thou ſaid our Cauſe was good,
Yet you that Cauſe forſook;
Oft againſt Places haſt thou rail'd,
And yet a Place you took.

VIII.

'Gainſt thoſe how often haſt thou ſpoke,
With whom you now aſſent;
The Court how oft haſt thou abus'd,
And yet to Court you went.

IX.

How could you vote for War with *Spain*,
Yet make that War to ceaſe?
How could you weep for *England*'s Debts,
Yet make thoſe Debts encreaſe?

X.

How could you ſwear your Country's Good
Was all your Wiſh, or Fear?
And how could I, old doating Fool,
Believe you was ſincere?

XI.

Thou art the Cauſe why I appear,
(From bliſsful Regions drawn.)
Why teeming Graves caſt up their Dead,
And why the Church-yards yawn,

XII.

Is owing all to thee, thou Wretch!
The Bill thou haſt brought in
Opens this Mouth, tho' clos'd by Death,
To thunder againſt Gin.

XIII.

If of Good-nature any Spark
Within thee thou canſt find;
Regard the Meſſage that I bring,
Have Mercy on Mankind!

XIV.

But oh! from thy relentleſs Heart
The horrid Day I ſee,
When thy mean Hand ſhall overturn
The good deſign'd by me.

XV.

Riot and Slaughter once again
Shall their Career begin,
And every Pariſh ſuckling Babe
Again be nurs'd with Gin.

XVI.

XVI.

The Soldiers from each Cellar drunk
  Shall ſcatter Ruin far,
Gin ſhall intoxicate them, and
  Let ſlip thoſe Dogs of War.

XVII.

This proves thee, *S*——*s*, thy Country's Foe,
  And Deſolation's Friend.
What can thy Project be in this?
  And what can be thy End?

XVIII.

Is it, that conſcious of thy Worth,
  Thy Senſe, thy Parts, thy Weight;
Thou know'ſt this Nation muſt be drunk
  E'er it can think thee Great.

XIX.

Too high, poor Wren! haſt thou been borne
  On *P*——*y*'s Eagle Wings,
Thou wert not form'd for great Affairs,
  Nor made to talk with Kings.

XX.

But where 's thy Hate to Court and Power,
  Thy Patriotiſm, *S*——*s*?
Think'ſt thou that Gown adorns thy Shape,
  That purſe becomes thy Hands?

XXI.

As when the Fox upon the Ground,
  A Tragick Maſk eſpy'd,
Oh! what a ſpecious Front is here!
  But where 's the Brain? he cry'd.

XXII.

So thou a L——d of T——y
And Ch——ll—r art made,
Sir *R*——*b*—— *t*'s Place, and Robe, and Seal,
Thou haſt; but where's his Head?

XXIII.

Thou 'rt plac'd by far too high; in vain
To keep your Poſt you ſtrive,
In vain like *Phaeton* attempt
A Chariot, you can't drive.

XXIV.

Each Act you do betrays your Parts,
And tends to your undoing;
Each Speech you make your Dulneſs ſhews,
And certifies your Ruin.

XXV.

Think not like Oaks to ſtand on high,
And brave the Storms that blow;
But like the Reed bend to the Earth,
And to be ſafe, be low.

XXVI.

Poor in thyſelf, each Party's Joke,
Each trifling Songſter's Sport,
P——*m* ſupports thee in the Houſe,
The E——l of *B*——*b* at Court.

XXVII.

Theſe are the Men, that puſh thee on
In thy own Nature's Spite;
So, like the Moon, if thou could'ſt ſhine,
'Twould be by borrowed Light.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

But ſoft, I ſcent the Morning Air,
The Glow-worm pales his Light,
Farewel, remember me, it cry'd,
And vaniſh'd out of Sight.

XXIX.

S——s trembling roſe, frighted to Death,
Of Knowledge quite bereft,
And has ſince that unhappy Night,
Nor Senſe nor Mem'ry left.

F I N I S.